

3703

T H E
DEVIL's WEDDING.

K
A
P O E M.

EXHIBITING SOME OF
THE MOST FLAGITIOUS CHARACTERS OF THE AGE.

DEDICATED TO THE
MOST WORTHY PRELATE
IN HIS
MAJESTY's DOMINIONS.

Instructive Satire, true to Virtue's Cause!
Thou shining Supplement of public Laws!
When flatter'd Crimes of a licentious Age
Reproach our Silence, and demand our Rage.

YOUNG.

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LXXVIII.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

MOST WORTHY PRELATE

IN HIS

MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MY LORD,

YOU have often lamented with me the depravity of the English clergy in general, and the infamy of some notorious characters, who are a disgrace to the cloth and a reproach to Christianity. You have even wished that the lash of satire would supply the deficiency of the law, and we have wondered together how such miscreants have so long escaped the chastisement they deserve. I took the hint, and have selected a few of the most obnoxious, which I have cook'd to my own fancy as a specimen; but if your Lordship should approve of their being dress'd in another fashion, I will give the rest more or less seasoning, 'till the ragoût shall exactly suit your palate.

A

Having

Having no private pique to gratify, I have exaggerated no facts. And when the bare recital of a man's actions in verse is deemed a severe Satire upon him, your Lordship's candour must allow that such a man is his own Satirist; and the Poet is not to blame if that man's name should be hitch'd in a rhyme, or make

the sad burthen of some merry song.

POPE.

It has long been contested by the critics, whether the true Satirist, should expose the vicious man, or the vice only to which he is addicted. A certain noble Lawyer has decided the point in this manner: If, says he, you attack the vice, it is a general censure that can disturb the peace of no individual, and it tends to the advancement of morality and religion; but if you attack the vicious man personally, by exciting his resentment, you may disturb the public as well as his private peace, and by so doing you become a libeller and are punishable by law.

With all due deference to his Lordship's judgment, for which I have the greatest veneration, either he must be wrong, or the law must be unjust. If I attack a vice in general, no one will be so candid as to apply the censure to himself; therefore the end of satire failing, the poem becomes no Satire at all. I might as well fulfil Scarron's intention, and write a Satire against the Hiccups; and since none apply the censure to themselves, it is evident that it would no more conduce to the advancement of morality and religion, than a Bishop's Sermon preached before parliament against bribery and corruption.

Satire is allowed to be the supplement of law: if then I am not to attack the vicious man for fear of provoking his resentment, by the
same

same rule I ought not to prosecute the robber, lest for want of sufficient evidence he should be acquitted, and should turn his rage on those who caused him to be apprehended and imprisoned. I confess that from this very motive I have twice declined to prosecute, tho' fully convinced of the person's guilt, because I have been witness to the acquittal of many desperate wretches fairly convicted before a London jury, at the same time that they hanged one man for forgery, because he told a lie, and another for the murder of his wife, when it was proved that the blows he gave her were not the cause of her death.

A libel, says my Lord M——d, is punishable, whether the facts alledged be true or false, if levelled at any particular person. His Lordship may be right in point of law, but then I say, *that* law is unjust which does not distinguish truth from calumny, that is, *virtue* from *vice*; for by his Lordship's construction of the law, it may be maintained that there is no vice or crime existing, except what the law takes cognizance of; therefore the drunkard, the glutton, the liar, the hypocrite, the seducer, the apostate divine, the tyrant of a parish, and the corrupt politician, being deemed perfectly innocent in the eye of the law, they are to be screened, not only from the scorn, with which the just indignation of the public would punish them, but that man becomes criminal who dares to shew in print that such men do exist, by pointing them out personally.

As it is impossible at this juncture to correct the law, we must necessarily submit to it, and this necessity must be my apology to your Lordship for making use of inuendoes instead of names at full length, which may at first puzzle a little, but recollection will soon shew which horse the saddle fits.

A certain proverb says, "There is many an ass named Jack:" this is very true, but I believe the characters exhibited in the following pages will not be found applicable to any but the right owners; for by a happy equivocation in the law, tho' I may not call my Lord ——— a rascal, yet I may paint or describe the profaner of the sacrament, and call him *Twitcher*. As your Lordship will observe I have availed myself of this indulgence more fully to review some of the most flagitious characters this age has produced; the opportunity was favourable, the election to the infernal throne had long been made; a suitable consort has lately been found for his infernal Majesty; it was time to look out for a PARSON deserving of the high honour of consolidating the happiness of the imperial pair; nobody I believe will dispute the merit of the one to whom it is now assigned; but if your Lordship should be able to point out one still more deserving, he shall have precedence in the second edition, for I am sure you would not wish a villain to be protected even by a mitre and lawn sleeves, much less by a gown and cassock, or you would not be *the most worthy prelate in his Majesty's dominions*.

I am, with the greatest respect,

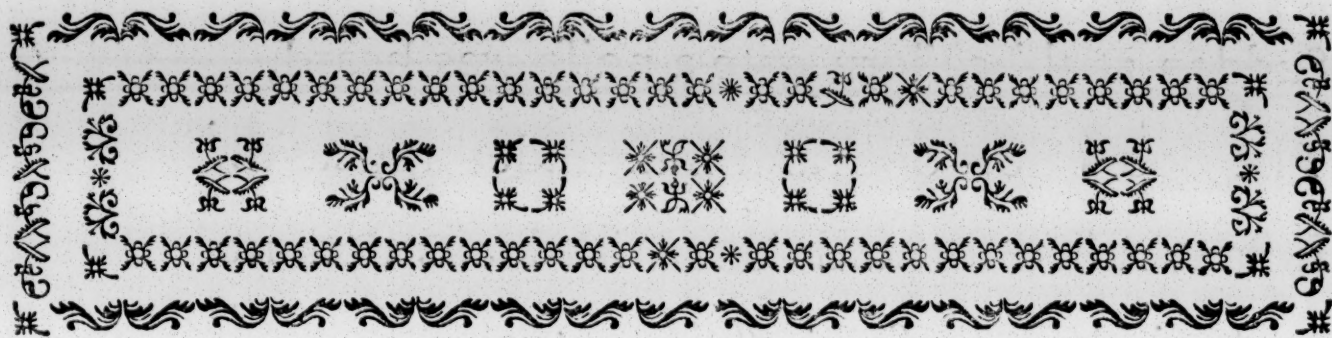
My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.



T H E

DEVIL's WEDDING.

W H E N hell's dread Monarch purpos'd to betroth,
And ready stood to take the nuptial oath,
A fierce contention rose, 'mongst hellish wights,
Who should perform the sacred marriage rights.

Popes, Card'nals, Bishops, claim it as their due ;
Heads of the Church, and scandal of it too.

“ Hold, Sirs !” cries Satan ; “ caps nor croziers tell ;

“ The WORST has always precedence in hell.

“ Speak forth your merits.—On the wings of fame

“ Be't spread ; that BRITONS may put in their claim.”

B

Sud

Sudden at th' eastern gate a noise was heard,
 The doors flew ope' and multitudes appear'd.
 Instant rush'd forwards one with looks demure
 And mind perverse, *ineffably impure* :
 K—dg—I his name.—“ Behold, great Sir,” he said;
 “ One who in luscious lore is deepest read :
 “ To scan the works of lewdness never idle,
 “ Who, for vile ribaldry, renounc'd the bible,
 “ And cheated many.—Sure no other name
 “ For filthiness can challenge equal fame.
 “ Mine be the task your plighted hands to join ;
 “ The blazing chaplet round your brows to twine ;
 “ To light th' infernal torch, describe and spread
 “ The fulsome myst'ries of your bridal bed.”

“ Stand back, thou miscreant brawler,” C--av--n said,
 “ Hast thou with impious oaths seduc'd a maid ?
 “ If one ; if ten, (on thy rash tongue 'light blisters !)
 ‘ Hast thou with dev'lish art debauch'd three sisters ?
 “ Hast thou with barb'rous skill prepar'd the dart,
 “ And urg'd it home to the fond parent's heart ?

“ Avaunt,

“Avaunt, thou driv’ling sinner, silenc’d be,

“And leave th’ infernal honours all to me!

“Not so,” replies another spare and tall,
With nose high prominent.—Throughout the hall
All star’d, he seem’d unknown; then, with a bow,

“ANTI-SEJANUS; sure you know me now;

“Twitcher’s domestic Chaplain.—England knows

“I fought his battles ’gainst a host of foes.

“Tho’ my own vices might pass unobserv’d,

“Judge of my merits by the man I serv’d.

“For prophanations vile and treach’rous lies,

“To heav’n he durst not lift his impious eyes.

“But, in foul crimes, ambitious to excel,

“He hopes he’s made some interest in hell.

“If whoring, drinking, sacrilege, obtain

“Thy favour, gracious King, his title’s plain:

“So drench’d in lust, so prone to ev’ry evil,

“Greater than HE must be a very Devil.

“’Tis on HIS RIGHT *my* weak pretension borders,

“Who durst contend, if Twitcher were in orders?

“ Peace, babbler,” cries a fourth, “ it may’nt be
 “ borne,

“ Whilst on the list stands famous parson H——.

“ Shalt thou with others merits plead thy cause?

“ I plead my own, nor fear to want applause.

“ Did I not quit the Church to be more free

“ To game, to drink, to whore, to take a fee ;

“ To find in clearest writs a special flaw,

“ And, sly, pervert the meaning of the law?

“ Did I not Glynn deceive, and Wilkes betray,

“ To shew how well with falshood I could play?

“ Bear witness to my truth, parent of lies,

“ That sanctity and honour I despise.

“ I took the gown to scandalize the cloth,

“ To make Religion seem of little worth ;

“ To shew that priesthood is a fordid trade ;

“ By which no *Nabob’s* fortune can be made :

“ Whilst it my purpose serv’d I took its part,

“ But, useless now, its int’rest I desert.

“ Apostate,

“ Apostate, hence!” a huge athletic wight *
 With thund’ring voice exclaims, “ shrink from my fight!
 “ *My life* just the reverse of thine hath been;
 “ I left the *Law* more PIOUSLY to sin.
 “ Nay, frown not, slave! thy frowns won’t make thee
 “ taller,
 “ Shalt thou presume to vie with Doctor W——?
 “ A Bishop’s nephew of tremendous growth,
 “ T’ whom five fat livings scarce give food enough?
 “ † Plurality, thou matchless Widow’d Whore!
 “ My craving maw could well contain a score;
 “ And may I ev’ry one (good fare to dish-up)
 “ Hold *in commendam* when I’m made a bishop!
 “ Thy reign, O Satan! quicker to advance,
 “ No limits shall restrain my complaisance.
 “ If I, abroad, could serve thee as at home,
 “ I would not scruple to be Pope of Rome.

* This character is taken from a letter in the Morning Post of 29th October. 1776, addressed to “ A certain devourer of his flock;” and upon the strictest enquiry it was found to deserve the rank it holds in this performance.

† To seize the Widow’d Whore plurality.

Milton.

“ Already I have learnt tyrannic fway :
 “ I treat my flock, as wolves their destin'd prey.
 “ I sow the seed of discord, fan the flame
 “ Of fierce contention, in thy honour'd name.
 “ Hear me, dread Monarch ! see how far above
 “ These lewd pretenders is my zealous love !
 “ But of the last beware, my liege, I pray,
 “ His name portends no good on this great day.
 “ Too many fronts that hateful name adorns ;
 “ Devils, when married, are not safe from horns.”

“ Vile punster,” cries the turncoat, “ cease thy boast ;
 “ I'll tear thee piece-meal in the M—— P—.
 “ The Editor's my friend ; he too lays claim
 “ To this day's honours in th' infernal realm.”

“ Let him advance, cries Satan ; well I know
 “ The M—— P— was never Satan's foe.
 “ For scandals, falsehoods, calumnies and lies,
 “ Above all prints the M—— P— I prize.”

With modest front B— his harangue began:

- “ Please your high mightiness, I am the man
 “ Who long has been the herald of your fame,
 “ And labour’d hard to aggrandize your name.
 “ If ought appear’d injurious to your crown,
 “ ’Twas foisted in * when I was out of town.
 “ For Editors, you know, father of lies,
 “ Are not to blame if printers have no eyes.
 “ Nor are they bound to know the sheet’s contents;
 “ Their bus’ness is t’insert advertisements.
 “ Mine is to puff stage-managers; to write
 “ For Sh—n, and *wash the Blackmoor white*.

- “ I fought for beauty; and for gold ador’d;
 “ Married the woman I before had whor’d:
 “ To save reproach, I labour’d to bring down
 “ Each woman’s merit level with her own.
 “ Each beauteous wife I slander’d with such art,
 “ That cred’ious husbands felt th’ envenom’d dart.

* His usual excuse for inserting scandalous paragraphs.

“ Intrigues and cuckoldoms I made so common,
 “ ’Twas thought the town held not an honest woman.
 “ In such foul colours thousands I did paint,
 “ My Wedded Whore by them appear’d a faint.
 “ To modest maids I gave the trite applause
 “ That’s claim’d by those who follow virtue’s laws.
 “ Suggesting, *’twas the want of ev’ry charm*
 “ *Kept them from sin,* ’till beauty took th’ alarm,
 “ And rush’d on ruin, that the world might know
 “ They’d charms enough to please a modern beau.
 “ Thus far as Editor, great King, I play’d
 “ A hellish part, and all the fiend betray’d.

“ As Parson, next, my feats are great and rare :
 “ To shew how much the Gospel was my care,
 “ Like any porter, for fame’s vulgar prize,
 “ I box’d F——ld’s footman in disguise.
 “ I snapt a pistol in Hyde-park, and late
 “ A brute had nearly brought me to my fate.
 “ The savage St——y, from the land of Ire,
 “ With heart of adamant and brains of fire ;

“ Burning in sympathy with fair S——re,
 “ Who boasts a heart *no mother knew before* ;
 “ For her dear *self* (her money out of question)
 “ His sword and pistol shew’d his vast affection.
 “ *I* stood the flock, and fortune stood *his* friend :
 “ His phrenzy well-nigh brought him to his end.
 “ One potent lunge did thro’ his carcase pierce ;
 “ His nerveless arm could push nor carte nor tierce.
 “ Had we not been prevented, one more thrust
 “ Had cool’d his bloody rage and quench’d his lust.
 “ What more, my liege, is requisite t’ obtain
 “ That envied bliss “ to forge your marriage chain.”

“ Has Ty—n then (cries one yet unobserv’d)
 “ So far obscur’d the zeal with which I serv’d?
 “ Am I forgot because in durance held?
 “ Yet think not, Prince, my stubborn heart is quell’d.
 “ Were I on earth, my future life would shew
 “ *The mask alone is fall’n*—no change I know.
 “ What these have urg’d t’ establish their desert,
 “ Of my great merit forms the meanest part.

- “ Have I not faith and innocence betray’d,
 “ Cheated the widow, and defil’d the maid?
 “ Did I not tempt a C——r to sin,
 “ As many more my easy dupes had been?
 “ (But, for the callous pride of that old Lord,
 “ A Bishoprick had been my great reward.)
 “ Who pleaded TWITCHER’S merits, can’t have known
 “ That Twitcher’s crimes were copies of my own?
 “ With minds congenial still we rov’d and wench’d;
 “ In the same luscious bowl our flames were quench’d,
 “ With def’rence to his rank;—when he was cloy’d,
 “ In meek subjection I the dregs enjoy’d*.
 “ Such venial sins I had not deign’d to name,
 “ But for to put my opponents to shame.
 “ For, which of these has crown’d his worthless deeds,
 “ And torn the gen’rous hand from which he feeds?
 “ Which ’mongst this crew, with heads and hearts so
 callous,
 “ Like me has merited and won the gallows?

* He married a cast-off mistress of Jemmy Twitcher’s.

“ By the same art I injur’d maid and matron ;
 “ With black ingratitude I robb’d my patron,
 “ With rank hypocrisy I fill’d my cup ;
 “ And, in few words, my merits to sum up,
 “ *False to my King, and traitor to my God ;*
 “ Speak hell ! if there’s another such as D—d”

Hell heard the name, and echo’d back the sound ;
 D—, matchless D—, the shouting hosts resound :
 In deepest Erebus is heard th’ acclaim,
 And fiery billows roll th’ unhallow’d name.
 Ev’n Satan, as he gave the awful nod,
 And seal’d the mighty fiat, roar’d out D—.

His baffled foes hide their diminish’d heads ;
 Triumphant D— the grand procession leads
 Towards the Stygian shore, where (truce with evil)
 The only vow is made that binds a devil.

Upon the beach a lofty pile was rear’d ;
 Ten thousand architects at work appear’d.

As on the tinkling ores the hammers fell,
 Melodious airs rung through the vaults of hell.
 Now choral, now responsive, now in parts,
 The soothing numbers cheer infernal hearts ;
 And as they vibrate tow'rd the burning strand,
 Give momentary respite to the damn'd.

SATAN enthron'd, the question put, he cried,
 " By STYX I take thee HOMA for my bride ;
 " To honour, worship, and with thee to dwell,
 " As long as truth's on earth, or faith's in hell."

Th' infernal herald thunders it around,
 'Till earth's remotest regions hear the sound.

Silence proclaim'd, the King proceeds: "'Tis meet
 " My beauteous Queen should have a royal suite.
 " Go forth, my myrmidons, to earth, and tell,
 " To all who're destin'd to *lead apes in bell*,
 " That I appoint them now to wait upon her,
 " By title, file, and name of MAIDS OF HONOUR."

The messengers like lightning flew ; and, straight,
 A caravan arriv'd at th' outer gate.
 Immediately a din of tongues announc'd
 Th' approach of virgins stale, and in they flounc'd.
 But, Jesu ! what a bustle, noise and clatter !
 Satan alarm'd, enquires " what's the matter ?"
 " The matter ! cries Vanessa, sure no devil,
 " Except yourself, could have been so uncivil ;
 " To send in such rude haste—I'm out of breath,
 " And in this foggy place may catch my death :
 " Besides I was not dress'd—in such a gloom
 " A body need lay on a pound of bloom.
 " Why don't you trim your lamps ?—they burn so blue !
 " Madam C——lys has more taste than you."
 P * * * complains her parrot was not fed—
 K * * * had not time to see dear Pug to bed——
 Each finds good cause for railing ; mercy on us !
 From fair Al——a down to Lydia T——s ;
 Who, on her knees, when she was fetch'd away,
 For a young lover just began to pray,
 As 'twas her constant custom ev'ry day.

E

She

She hoped, if she had staid a few days longer,
(By Cosmo's art now made full ten years younger)
T' have charm'd, at least, a fish or a cheese-monger.

The uproar grew so loud, that thunder roll'd
Unheard—for *hell itself can't tame a Scold*.

Satan impatient frown'd, and bid Sir C—m—t
Conduct the clam'rous crew to their apartment.

“ And now,” said he, “ one thing is wanting more ;

“ BED-CHAMBER LADIES—fetch me full five score :

“ Amongst the most abandon'd chuse and pick

“ True Meffalinas fit to pose Old Nick.

“ By these be my bright consort well instructed,

“ Ere to the nuptial couch she be conducted.”

All stood agape, expecting soon to see
The hackney'd charms of H——n and L—e ;
D——ple, H—y, P—t, G—fv—r and C——n,
M——n, B——l, O——y, and more as brazen.
But what was their surprize, when quite new faces
Before th' admiring croud display'd their graces !

Those who on earth no mortal would have guest
 Could harbour one lewd thought within their breast!
 Abash'd awhile they stood, but not with shame,
 The public view their impudence o'ercame.

When one, in charms superior to the rest,
 With accents soft the grisly King address'd.

Blue were her languid eyes, her face so fair,
 Small mouth, white teeth, round chin and flaxen hair,
 Well known in th' environs of ——— Square. }

To lips of coral she apply'd her fan,
 Hemm'd, curt'ried, blush'd, and simp'ring thus began :

- “ Source of hypocrisy, friend to deceit,
- “ In feats of lust most eminently great ;
- “ Whose penetrating eyes and gallant spirit,
- “ Alone, could see and recompense our merit ;
- “ (By dim-eyed mortals ne'er to be detected,
- “ Because 'tis lost the moment 'tis suspected)
- “ Accept our grateful thanks for favours past ;
- “ For pleasures long enjoy'd, yet still to last :

“ And,

“ And, Oh believe me, Satan! were the men
 “ All as discreet as our gallants have been,
 “ No married woman upon earth you’d see
 “ Who, with one husband would contented be.
 “ The fear of scorn, alone, our passion rules.
 “ To be the jest of knaves and taunt of fools
 “ Who can endure?—unless, by hunger led
 “ To prostitution vile, for daily bread?
 “ And then, the scanty meal is earn’d so well,
 “ That prostitutes can have no claim to hell:
 “ But ’tis reserv’d for those who, at their ease,
 “ Sin for delight, with whom and when they please.
 “ In virgin innocence chaste fires are felt;
 “ For ONE we sicken and for ONE we melt;
 “ Him gain’d, the flame of love not long survives,
 “ Th’ illusion ends the moment we are wives.
 “ Deceiv’d by *reason*, to our SENSE we trust;
 “ For what we thought was *love*, prov’d nought but
 “ LUST.
 “ Then, when the honey-moon is in its wain,
 “ The joys of wedlock quickly turn to pain.

“ The

- “ The fated husband, as his passions cool,
 “ Grows fretful, peevish, quarrelsome and dull;
 “ Then roves from fair to fair without restraint,
 “ Nor hears a craving woman’s loud complaint.
 “ What then have poor forsaken wives to do,
 “ But lay new schemes to make a friend or two
 “ To charm their solitude and ease their wants,
 “ For which kind heav’n made those we call GALLANTS.
 “ And, as thou know’st, grim King, at diff’rent ages
 “ Our wants, thro’ life’s long road, have sev’ral stages;
 “ Like stomachs that by plenitude enlarg’d,
 “ Still more capacious grow the more they’re charg’d—
 “ Tho’ straining at a sparrow first, the glutton,
 “ In length of time can hold a leg of mutton;
 “ So we, at twenty, are content with *four*,
 “ But *thirty-six* can well digest a SCORE.
 “ And, as on earth ’tis difficult to find
 “ *Enough*, that to our appetites are kind;
 “ Here ends our care; since hellish spirits burn
 “ So fierce, each hopes that ONE may serve her turn.”

The next that spoke came from th' Atlantic Isles ;
 To quench her flame she travel'd many miles :
 In vig'rous youth to impotence conjoin'd,
 Her marriage vow was utter'd to the wind.
 Full ten long years she prov'd a barren soil,
 (Some adverse blast defeats the sower's toil)
 'Till one propitious gale blew fresh and mild
 From WEST, and Godalinda grew with-child.
 The husband scratch'd his head, and seem'd to doubt
 From whence this unexpected plant might sprout :
 But soon was satisfy'd the *Tunbridge Waters*
A shatter'd constitution strangely alters ;
And the last tour he made renew'd his pow'r
T' impregn the soil whence sprung this budding flow'r.
 (The credulous fool, by vanity misled,
 Ne'er felt the branching antlers on his head.

One of majestic presence, next and last,
 Commands th' attention of th' infernal host.
 " That we may not appear of doubtful worth,
 " Permit me, gracious Sov'reign to set forth

" Th'

“ Th’ intrinsic merits of each wanton dame,
 “ And consecrate to THEE th’ unhallow’d flame.
 “ To gain our purpos’d ends and quaff the joy,
 “ Feints, flatt’ries, treach’ry, falsehood we employ.
 “ Whether to blind the easy, dear good man,
 “ Or from the prying world conceal our plan.
 “ Whether to win a lusty valet’s smile,
 “ Or make *black* CUPID in our service toil ;
 “ Or if by nature blest with moving charms,
 “ To draw the most athletic to our arms ;
 “ For ever faithful to the good old cause,
 “ We laugh at Virtue, and deride her laws ;
 “ Whilst to the gaping croud we pass for saints :
 “ (So well hypocrisy feign’d blushes paints,
 “ And kindles in the gazer’s breast desires,
 “ To quench his own, and our still fiercer fires.)”
 These loose harangues so wrought on Satan’s sense,
 He scarcely could retain his continence :
 But, burning to enjoy his glowing bride,
 Arose in haste, and briefly thus reply’d :

“ Well

“ Well have ye done to gain the special grace
 “ By which ye hold such honourable place
 “ In our dominions. Hasten to your post ;
 “ T’ instruct our comfort let no time be lost.
 “ My greetings bear to her I’ve deign’d to wed,
 “ And straight prepare her for the bridal bed.”

And there we’ll leave him, Hercules t’ excel,
 And get young imps to stock another hell.
 For if, as preachers say, in these bad times
 All lusts and luxuries are damning crimes ;
 The widest hell must surely be too small
 To hold the culprits of this earthly ball.

And now, my MUSE, a word before we part,
 To clear my conscience and to ease my heart.
 In Satire’s thorny track thou’st been beguil’d,
 And rudely forc’d to tread th’ advent’rous wild.
 Harsh is his song who late, thy smiles to move,
 Was wont to woo thee with soft tales of love.

Thy

Thy whispers oft the tender ear have caught,
 And plac'd a virtue where they found a fault :
 But louder strains must break hell's bonds asunder,
 And hellish ears will be address'd in THUNDER.

Yet start not, gentle MUSE ! thy boldest flight,
 By truth supported, shall maintain its height.
 Tho' C——h, and sex, and hell unite t' abase
 Thy soaring pinions and thy song disgrace,
 Still thou, from malice, safe behind the mask,
 Shalt, unappal'd, atchieve the glorious task :
 And, *lashing vices unrestrain'd by law,*
 Make DEMONS quake, and keep the WORLD in awe.

T H E E N D.

4 JY 65

